## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN. N, B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1908

# THE CHOICE

By E. R. PUNSHON

The control of the co

Fred leaned across the table and nearly it was that alone they heard, only that

Deck View of the Monitor Florida, Showing Experis stooping and very feeble, and so vanished thing about fetching another bottle of for ever from that conflict for the libmental Steel Skeleton Mast



stooping and very feeble, and so vanished for ever from that conflict for the liberty of his countrymen that one day—some day—must end in victory, though for him there was only failure and defeat any the less bitter because he knew so well that all that had happened was the inevitable result of what at the time he had supposed to be a harmless and almost necessary lie.

Golovin, thinking he might as well do that as anything else, did as he had been told, and wandered off to Groombridge Square, where Annie, since Nickolas left her, had eat dully waiting—witing in misery and despair.

For somehow she had small hope that felt as if already condemned to live for the future under the heavy doom of knowing she had brought him to his end. Yet she hardly felt this very keenly, for life appeared to her to have lost all its poignancy, and even its reality; she figured herself to herself as a ship drifting on the wider river of life that bore her whither it liked, or as a feather blown by the strong wind of circumstance. She no longer strove, but sat listlessly, and when gazing through twindow she saw people moving up and down in the quiet old square outside, she had difficulty in persuading herself that they were living, breathing human beings, rather did they seem to her mere puppets of fate, moved by strings she could almost imagine she saw reaching from them up to some vast hand in the sky, obedient to which they moved, and walked, and talked.

She was in this mood when Golovin was shown in to har. She knew him again and listened while he told her a long, confused, rambling tale of which she could make no meaning. Something there was about an alarm clock but at that she began to grow impatient, and gladly seized an opportunity she saw when Golovin mentioned that he had had nothing to eat since morning and was extremely hungry.

"Oh, well then," she said at once, ringing the bell, "you must have something immediately."

Her manner had chilled him all the